Love Language

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/38902173.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Friends to Lovers, Masturbation, Smut, Making Love, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, very soft, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Fix It, season 1 AU, Rough Sex, Biting, Choking, Spanking, Yearning, It's about the tenderness, Touch-Starved Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of What If
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-10 Words: 9,061 Chapters: 1/1

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by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Season 1. Hannibal visits Will at his house and accidentally walks in on the profiler in a moment of self-pleasuring -- need I say more?

Notes

I'll just add that this is a very sweet and fluffy fantasy. I don't *care* if it would never happen like this, I just want comfort 🥰🥺. *Take me to the feeling*, as Carly Rae Jepsen would say, you know... 🤌🏻

See the end of the work for more notes

"A lot of ways to love you
Teach me through your eyes
What is needed for you
Needed in your life?" - Kehlani, "Love Language"

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Will woke with a start on sweat-soaked sheets, curls matted to his forehead, breath darting from him like a hundred small, frightened, fleeing animals he couldn't catch up with. His lungs and teeth ached as if every nuance of the familiar nightmare was real, a physical ordeal with consequences aside from moral terror and guilty pleasure trapped in his own brain. Safety felt, for a few hammering heartbeats of shocked wonderment and regret and desire, nonexistent.

Knowing the symptoms of an oncoming panic attack, Will quelled them as best he could. He repeated Dr. Lecter's refrain to help calm down, *It's…it's…* A glance at the blurry green lines of the digital alarm clock, poking barely from the immersive shadows of his solitary room.

It's 9am… Blackout curtains. A habit of waking several times a night from harrowing dreams had prompted the recent purchase. *S...saturday,* pulling the calendar page from his mind while trembling fingers still clutched the damp sheets.

He could never decide what was worse, the panic, the dread, the self-hatred, pounding in his temples and the ringing in his ears; the incessant thundering of his runaway heart. Maybe the guilt-ridden rush of excitement after the most sickening, grotesque nightmares.

Ah. It was fucking Saturday. For once in his life, Will had actually landed on a win, albeit by chance. No work today; he hadn't humiliated himself by stumbling in late to an investigation again, redeeming himself desperately with bursts of genius which also...scared him. All of it a cycle from which he could not escape, anymore than he could peel off his skin, crawl out from his bones and breathe calm and easy, like the flow of the stream.

He was a waterfall, always plummeting, smashing, starting over.

It's 9:00am, He mumbled the words into his hands, sitting up in bed now, rubbing his face, suffocating in his scant t-shirt and boxers. Pulling the shirt off, he tossed it aside, clambored to the bathroom, relieved himself and washed his face, slicked cold water through his unruly curls. Grabbed a towel, the soft pine green one that felt the best as an impromptu blanket when he ruined his sheets yet again with a cold sweat burning inside him, intrusively spilling from traitorous pores.

The routine was exhaustive and exhausting. He plodded back to bed, laid the towel down, "It's 9:10am, my name is Will Graham, I'm in Wolf Trap, Virginia. I'm alone except for my dogs. There is no…" He shook his head, wet hair scattering little sprays of water, another shiver shooting down his spine.

He pulled off the top sheet, too cold and damp. Tossed it aside, climbed on top of the towel and tried to nuzzle into his pillow again, but it too had been contaminated by the slick of the dream, poisonous, repulsive, calling him, always, tempting. He grabbed the spare pillow instead, the one for a lover who didn't exist and would never need it. Squeezed his tired eyes shut.

"It was only a dream." Curled up on his side, fetus-style, the smell of his perspiration heightening the woodsy scent of his aftershave, melting into another scent, musky and insistent, that made him groan in frustration.

In the dream, he'd been in a black, briar-ridden forest, thorny bushes surrounding him in a ceremonial circle, huge trees looming overhead like hulking monsters, and between their big criss-crossing limbs above him the full, blood orange moon. Will was naked save for skin caked in mud and blood, streaking down his face and dripping from his teeth.

He knelt beside a fresh corpse with his hands dug deep into its stomach, head swimming with a delirious music pulsating through his veins, and he was so very happy.

Then he drew out two more handfuls of bloody-dark organs, just a mess of what was once human, and ate it all raw from the palms of his hands, insatiable, humming with delight at the slick, glistening fresh meat. His companion, a pitch black stag man with beautiful, tall, majestic antlers, also naked and stunning with impossibly long limbs lined in hard muscle, eyes blank grey without pupils somehow so expressive, approving, encouraging, adoring, crouched on the other side of the dead body.

Will offered the stag man a lick of the blood and organs on his fingers, then found his hand enveloped entirely by the mouth of his creature, long, velvety forked tongue raking over his skin, getting every drop of tangy-sweet sustenance, pleasuring Will with the attentive wet warmth, mirroring and suggestive of fellatio.

He could have eaten Will's hand whole; his jaw had unlocked to possess him like that of a snake, but he didn't, he let Will go with a coy but somehow shy, haunting smile. A question. Will took the stag man's large hand with its long fingers and pointed nails, leaned forward with the corpse between their bodies like the sweetest secret shared between them. He slipped his companion's thumb between his lips and sucked the blood, the icy, hard flesh, saw the hardness emboldening between the stag man's thighs --

"It wasn't real," he grunted, ignoring the scent of his own arousal, the way he was coiled and tightened trying to sleep it off, his dick rigid and heavy, trapped in the tight confines of his grey boxer briefs.

No, no, no. He didn't want this feeling, after *that* feeling. The appropriate response to a murderous, cannibalistic nightmare was obviously revulsion, not…

He flipped over onto his back with another deep, raspy groan and flung his arm over his forehead. He had another fucking headache and he didn't feel like dry swallowing a round of aspirin that barely took the edge off. Hot and cold, horny and miserable and *lonely,* so very alone, he just wanted to be touched, soothed, loved, *God,* maybe if he just thought about that for a little while…

But the truth was, he couldn't even remember what it felt like to be touched with genuine desire. He wanted to cry at the mere thought of receiving or deserving such affection. It was too much for him to handle.

He'd cry again when he came, like a pathetic, loveless idiot, but he *needed* to get off. There was no doubt it would make his headache go away, get him to relax and be able to sleep. A good enough excuse?

Okay, then, think about something nice. Good. Running from the unspoken but felt whispers of the stag man in his eager ears, Will conjured up the purest erotic scenarios he could, *Think about Alana, so pretty, her curves in those sweet little wrap dresses…*

He could imagine kissing her, but couldn't feel the warm softness of her rose-tinted lips. It was easy to envision himself undressing her bit by bit, taking it slow and savoring her lovely surrender, untying the silk belt of her dress, lifting it languidly over her head while she stretched her arms up, her dark hair flying all around her shoulders, her shy smile, the naughty twinkle in her ice blue eyes, her perfume of jasmine and vanilla, Will's fingers under her bra straps, teasing.

But it couldn't go any further. He had a hand down his shorts, almost robotic, but the vision brought no relief because he really wasn't convinced Alana would want him to undress her, lay her down and pour his lust out, he was actually slightly worried she would eventually reject him when and if he got up the nerve to press his flirtations again, and this was too distracting.

He tried to think about porn he'd watched lately, but even when he had been watching it to try and ease his sad touch-starved predicament, it hadn't particularly interested him, seemed too fake; his hand went flat on his still hard cock, his temples pulsed with more pain, and he huffed an angry sigh.

Out of nowhere he thought about Dr. Lecter in the back of the ambulance, whipping his dapper suit jacket off, rolling his shirt sleeves up to the elbows. Dr. Lecter, with his mysterious, deep amber gaze landing right on Will's fascinated face, performing intricate emergency surgery with effortless grace and skill, somehow also finding the time to look over at *Will,* curious, as if Will was always worth the interest,

Strong, tanned forearms, biceps under the clinging fabric of smooth, expensive white shirt flexing, the intense, brilliant look of concentration on Dr. Lecter's handsome face, his hair falling across his forehead, and Will wondering how he smelled and how he would…

Taste...he started over, without letting himself think this time. He treated himself with intimate attentiveness, slowly hooking thumbs into his shorts and easing them down, gasping at the imagined feeling of a broad, soft tongue working over his neck, kissing him voraciously, sucking and biting.

All he had to do was *let* himself, and then, his imagination could do the rest with stunning vividness that blurred the lines of fantasy and reality, dreams and waking.

Will licked his fingers and pinched his nipples, biting his lip against a loud moan, picturing Lecter sucking and nipping at the peaked, rosy nubs, and then he was dizzy, crying out "*God!*," playing with his nipples with one hand while the other shot down to his cock with a hungry grip. It was astonishing, a revelation, thinking of a bigger, stronger hand there, thumbing over the head of his dick, gathering precum to ease the glide and stroking him, tight and in long, exacting moves, and his free hand wandered from his chest down his side, groping at his abs and hip,

All the places he liked to be kissed, grabbed and teased but no one ever did, they just fucked him quick and easy and left, and Jesus, Will needed to be cared about and have his desires mean something, Dr. Lecter cared about him, *you're my friend, Will.*

Will jerked himself faster, harder, gave his balls a brief squeeze that sent tingles of bliss through him and radiated out through his cock, he was leaking like crazy now, the good kind of sweat breaking out all over his body, toes curling into the mattress. *Fuck* -- it was so, so --

Hot, aching, sweet, *good*, fucking amazing --

"*I don't care about the lives you save, I care about your life*"...

Will clamped a shaking hand to his pectoral and groped again like a horny teenager, rubbed his nipples, fisted his cock and rocked his hips in time with every euphoric glide, close-close-close…

Dr. Lecter, laying him out on the dining room table like his latest feast, smiling devotedly, fully dressed in a blue plaid suit and pouring rich red wine all over Will's body in a sinful dribble before lapping it off his bare skin and spreading his thighs, flashing his fangs in a wicked smile. Then he'd show off amazing oral sex skills, eating Will's ass out -- what, since when had he wanted someone to do *that?*

But oh, God, it sounded good, it looked so fucking, goddamned sexy in this sudden, startling fantasy hitting him like a freight train of emotion and need, Dr. Lecter's tongue, the way it flicked out over his plush lips in their therapy appointments, the way his armchair seemed to be just a little closer to Will's every week, but was he imagining that like he was imagining --

doesn't matter, haven't felt this good in ages, yes, --

Closer, closer, Dr. Lecter standing way too close all the time, *hovering,* his dark eyes and strange expression, unreadable, in the shrike's nest, briar thorns in Will's heart, his hand working faster and faster on his cock, his voice unrecognizably pitched in breathy gasps and moans, nothing cogent, just quick, desperate little "Aaah's" and "Huhhhhh's" and, and, "Ahhhhhhhh----"

Close-close-almost-almost, pained pleasure building in his belly, his balls and cock, about to spread through his whole body like wildfire--

"Will?"

No. No, no, no--

Will only had time to sit up, not to *cover* up, and even though it was fairly dim in the room, when Dr. Hannibal Lecter walked in through the unlocked front door, he also won himself an unintended front seat to the "Will Graham was just masturbating two seconds ago" matinee.

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For the first time that Will had ever witnessed, Lecter looked utterly gobsmack-astonished. He froze in place with his mouth half-open and a set of keys dangling from his outstretched hand, dressed in his more "casual" weekend attire. Will squinted, unable to help himself, drinking in the details of his therapist's outfit beneath his open Burberry coat.

Formal by anyone else's standards, the lavender button-down shirt with an open collar, neatly tucked into dark grey slacks showing off his trim figure and broad shoulders was indeed pretty damn relaxed for the mysteriously intense doctor. He looked *amazing,* and how the fuck had Will really never noticed how pretty his cheekbones were, how thick and soft his hair looked, silky and glistening with intermingling locks of silver, light brown and tawny blonde, but of course he'd been noticing all along without consciously acknowledging it as anything beyond passing interest, logging details of a friend and associate,

As if he ever had *real* friends, as if Hannibal wasn't someone much more special and something else that Will never had a word for in the past,

And so he let it take him by surprise in the lustful, waking fever dream of his night terror recovery, and to make matters one thousand times infinity worse,

He'd left his goddamn keys in the lock when he got home from work last night.

Hannibal must have dropped by on an impromptu visit and found the keys in the door, wanted to give them back to Will right away, heard the desperate, painful-sounding noises coming from inside the house and hurried in with concern, saying his friend's name.

Will sat there naked save for the cheap, thin grey blanket tossed over his lap. The one uncle from Louisiana who remembered he existed and felt some weird twinge of nostalgic obligation always mailed him a box of Christmas stocking stuffers, Walmart blankets, Old Spice aftershave, a bottle of Jim Beam which currently sat half-empty on his bedside table, a few bags of the caramel candies Will used to like when he was ten and no longer could quite stand, too many bad memories and disappointments since they were sweet melting on his tongue. He ate a couple out of obligation to acknowledge the thought, threw the rest away before he got nauseous, drank his way to the New Year watching old reruns of classic movies while the dogs curled up around him in consoling snuggles.

That's where the blanket came from, forgettable and barely useful like Will himself, but he was happy to have it now, despite the stale associations, because otherwise he was still hard as a rock, fresh off the verge of coming and in serious danger of blue balls, shivering and staring right into Hannibal's eyes that were surprisingly so very, very soft and...amazed?

He must be imagining that too, and it was too embarrassing, he'd never been this...exposed. It was awful. He needed it to be over.

Dropping his face in his hands, he sighed, “Please leave.”

No point making excuses, they both knew he’d been jerking off, naked in bed moaning on the top of his lungs feeling himself up, and Hannibal must have caught a glimpse before he could conceal it, he’d been too close to stop quick enough.

“Will.” Hannibal took a step forward instead.

Why do I sleep in my living room, why couldn’t I get over my paranoia and just use the damn bedroom upstairs? This never would’ve happened.

Then again, what kind of airhead leaves their keys in the front door so anyone can walk right into their house?

Will’s lower lip wobbled as he lowered his long fingers from his bright eyes and he thought he was probably going to burst into tears, feeling so stupid, humiliated, doomed to be alone and misunderstood forever.

“It’s. It was just an accident, I get that. You came by, I left my keys in the door.” Will’s voice rumbled hoarsely and he broke off eye contact again to stare at the blanket, scratchy, insubstantial warmth against the cold night, the fabric uncomfortable against his hot, sweaty legs, and his cock did *not* want to calm down, for some reason remained just as excited upon Lecter’s appearance instead of expressing the shame in his heart and mind. The incriminating bulge was another unfortunate distraction and Will felt as much like screaming as crying.

“Nobody’s fault, but can you just leave and can we both act like this never happened?” He looked pleadingly at Lecter, didn’t want to meet those beautiful, consuming eyes again but felt his request would only be accepted if he was fully honest in the pathetic-begging part.

“Of course, Will. I’m deeply sorry for the intrusion -- when I heard the sounds I thought perhaps you had hurt yourself or were being attacked. I only meant…” Dr. Lecter looked rueful, genuinely. His cheeks flushed and he flexed his hands, accentuating the apology.

The keys jingled, apparently reminding the older man he was still holding them. He set them down carefully on the small kitchen table, swallowed hard, deliberating, on what Will could not fathom, aside from a solution to the kind of insane awkwardness that could ruin a friendship.

“I know, you were only trying to help.” Will stretched a hand down beside the bed, grabbed his boxers and put them on under the blanket.

He got up, pulled his blue and grey plaid bathrobe from the hook on the bathroom door, walked over to the table and ran out of ideas on what to say; all the words he had formed in the process of putting fabric on his body had faded, but his erection was going so strong he had to wonder if that damn nightmare was spiked in viagra or something.

“I came by to see if you were interested in accompanying me to the Baltimore Museum of the Arts. They’ve acquired a Van Gogh which I have always wanted to view in person, and...it

forms a pleasant day," Lecter continued, trying to be primly casual, falling somewhere on the line in between that made him appear strangely vulnerable.

Will guessed it was also the way Lecter had started wandering his small, rustic living room, examining the bookshelves, glancing at the dogs sleeping near the space heater, testing the texture of his well-broken-in tan armchair, pursing his lips.

"I enjoy going there," Lecter resumed, light in tone, heavy light in his eyes, with his strong hand resting pointlessly on the back of the chair.

Will, shirtless in his plaid robe and boxers, barefoot with rumpled curls, a bewildered smile daring to spread his lips, wandered across the room almost knocking his ass into the piano.

"And you thought of me?" he dared to ask, reminding himself firmly in his mind, *as a friend, friend,* since when had he been this *gay*?

But that was a foolish question, he knew since when, he'd been curious about being with another boy since he was a preteen but these "urges" were frowned upon when you grew up in the Bible Belt with a repressed, emotionally unavailable father and no one else to talk to who would understand. "Bisexual" wasn't a word that was allowed in Will's vocabulary, but now it sat on his tongue while Lecter's thoughtful friendship made his heart skip a beat.

Dr. Lecter smiled. "Yes. I found that despite my original plan of spending a day at the museum in solitary enjoyment, I would much prefer your company. The invitation remains open, if you are interested. I don't in the least mind waiting for you to dress, and can make breakfast, if you are…interested."

Lecter seemed to realize he had said "if you are interested" twice in the same speech and his elegant cheeks turned pink again.

Will didn't want to let himself believe in these tiny puzzle pieces, for fear that if he put them together, they would only add up to a platonic admiration, no matter how flattering it was that the social toast of Baltimore had chosen him, of all people, for a museum visiting… companion.

Not a date. Just a trip to the museum.

He cleared his throat. "I should probably...I didn't get much sleep last night…"

"Would you like to go later, then? The museum is open until eight o'clock," said Lecter hopefully.

Will's stomach fluttered, which only sent the same tingling warmth cascading through his groin and made him feel positively mortified.

"Dr. Lecter, I truly appreciate the thought, but I'm just…indisposed."

"Very well, then," Lecter concluded, disappointed, tucking his face down in a brief, resigned nod.

He buttoned his coat and took out his leather gloves from the pockets, preparing to leave.

“I’m so embarrassed!” Will blurted, cheeks turning scarlet. *I want to go with you, I just…* He swiped a hand over his hot face, endlessly frustrated in more ways than he understood or could ever count. “So embarrassed. That you walked in while I was…”

“I know,” said Lecter, so softly, gentle. “I understand.”

“Thank you,” Will nodded emphatically, grateful because he was going to go, leave him to fall apart without the further debasement of it being witnessed.

“But you have nothing to be ashamed of.” Now the doctor sounded stern.

Will sighed and shook his head. “I never said I felt ashamed.” He backed up, clumsier now, making a stray note sound from the piano keys he bumped; the dogs stirred slightly on their cushions and then went back to sleep.

“But you do. You’ve been taught to feel that way about such matters. You’ve internalized it.”

“I don’t want your therapy right now, Dr. Lecter, okay?” Will grimaced, turned away, paced towards the taller bookcase by the unused stone fireplace, wished he could disappear.

“Don’t you?”

“No.”

A lie, but what was he supposed to say? He wanted a further dimension of Lecter’s *therapy*, after all. Like everything else he wanted, he was never going to get it. Why prolong his own torment on the subject?

“I’m not placating you, and in fact, my intention had nothing to do with the somewhat confusing and blurred status of being your psychiatrist.” Lecter sounded frustrated now, lingering near the door, one hand on the knob.

Will turned around and saw him hesitating with this look of conflicted yearning that took his breath away.

“You’re beautiful,” Lecter said simply.

“You don’t have to say that,” Will answered, tears brimming in his eyes; so annoying, so embarrassing, why was he like this?

“I don’t say anything because I have to. You’re well aware that’s the case.” Lecter abandoned the pretense of departure, walked over to Will and stopped with the barest whisper of personal space preserved.

His aura was warm, his cologne manly, spicy, intriguing. Will felt intoxicated and terrified.

“We’re in a house, your house,” Lecter continued, smooth and serious, Will had never seen him this serious. “It’s late Saturday morning, you’re upset, snow is forecast for this evening,

Van Gogh loved to paint sunflowers."

"Okay," Will relented with a laugh, swiping at his eyes.

"And you are beautiful, Will. It is a simple fact, but one which has me entirely bewitched. That is the real reason why I wanted to take you out today."

"Doctor, I…" Will shivered, self-soothed by hugging himself, blushed furiously.

The butterflies were back, swarming in his belly, and he was staring helplessly at Lecter, and Lecter was closing the distance between them, still politely tentative but desperately admiring in his own quiet, palpable way.

Will was hard and needy for touch, affection that had never been remotely available before, and he had clasped onto Lecter's coat sleeve before he knew what he was doing.

They smiled at each other, sudden, brilliant flashes of unexpected joy painting their features by the dim light of the lamp on the low table by the piano. Hannibal's smile was quite steady, reserved but warming; he was sure of his intentions. Will's smile began very shaky, but softened at Hannibal's expression and the tentative delight in his eyes.

They were staring at each other's lips, smiling, looking into each other's eyes, and back again.

The perfect moment seemed suspended in the air, drawn out like taffy, a million times as sweet, and in some ways Will never wanted it to end, just this one second of longing exchanged in their happy gazes.

Will would change his mind about the moment and letting it end soon after, when he realized what came next.

Lecter clasped Will's face with the gentlest hands and pressed one warm, moist kiss to his lips. There was an audible, soft smack of mouths meeting, three times, and then the wet, perfect sweep of Lecter's tongue too briefly exploring the inside of Will's lower lip.

He tasted like cinnamon and cloves, and Will thanked God he had used mouthwash when he first woke from the nightmare, hoped he tasted okay, anything *close* to how good Hannibal's mouth was on his.

Will's fingers dug into Lecter's arms through his coat and he let out a soft cry of deprivation when the older man pulled back and pressed their foreheads together.

"*Hannibal,*" Will moaned, drawing out every syllable.

"Oh, Will," the doctor sighed, kissing him again, "If I found it arousing when you called me 'Dr. Lecter,' this, this...say it again."

Will hadn't known until about a half hour ago that he had a crush on his male therapist about as raging as his current erection, but the sound of that luscious, adorable yet sexy accent, that

deep voice saying his name with an inherent dominance attached, clearly it held him in thrall, there was no escape from this and he wouldn't want to.

"Hannibal," Will repeated, his voice dipping into a Southern drawl, throaty with desire.

He pushed Hannibal's coat from his shoulders, undid the buttons of his waistcoat and shirt while the older man watched him in speechless amazement. He said it again and slammed his mouth into the doctor's with heedless abandon, tasting Hannibal's answering moan with a squeeze of his heart and at his core, molton heat coursing downward in waves; he never knew he could feel so close to coming just from a kiss.

Then it seemed they were undressing each other in fast motion, impatiently plucking, pulling and throwing clothing aside until they stood naked, pressed flush together, mouths sealed and tongues tangling voraciously.

Will got the answer as to how it would feel to have another man's big, throbbing cock brushing right against his own, *absolutely outstanding, mind-blowing* and it made him gasp out a curse, his smooth chest rubbing against Hannibal's broader, hairy one, their nipples making tantalizing contact. They both grabbed and groped at each other's asses, Will running nervous, unstoppable hands over the smooth, firm rounds of Hannibal's cheeks.

The older man grasped very specifically the most narrow, vulnerable dip in Will's low back, breath hot between passionate kisses, and he said grittily, "I've wanted this from the first second I saw you," before he cupped Will's ass confidently in both greedy hands again.

Their cocks slid together and their lips collided again and again with bruising force, teeth clashing, Hannibal getting a hand in Will's hair and tugging, Will's open palm gliding down Hannibal's back, feeling the smooth, warm, muscular skin, and he realized he'd whispered between kisses, "*Please*," because it made Hannibal growl and stare hard at him.

"See this?" Hannibal gripped his own cock and gave a few brief, light strokes, showcasing the way he was stiff and dripping precum, trembling with need to match Will's own. "It's for you. It's because of you, Will. This is what you do to me."

Will had no idea what he was doing, except that it was all he could seem to do. He fell to his knees between the piano and the fireplace, next to his tall, lonely bookshelf and a cardboard box of FBI files propped randomly on a chair.

He looked up and Hannibal was gorgeous, primal, panting and snarling at the sight of Will on his knees, submissively eying him for some indication of what he should do, if his intentions were approved.

Will let out a soft cry that could only really be called a whimper, but he was too far gone to care, leaning closer and closer in a state of grace despite his emotional frenzy and lusty upheaval, the clarity was stunning. He wanted this.

He put his lips to the head of Hannibal's thick, uncut cock and pressed a kiss there, coming away with a taste of salty excitement and heat, the sense of being out of his depths in the best

way. Hannibal gasped, threw his head back, flipping his silky, now disheveled hair as his mouth fell open in shocked pleasure, from one small kiss?

So, like Will, Hannibal was unspeakably sensitive when it came to the erotic…maybe he was equally insatiable in his drive. They could cause a lot of beautiful trouble together, Will thought with another sudden whoosh of joy in his lungs, flooding his brain with a release of positive chemicals and energy he had not been able to access in months.

"Yeah?" Will asked more coyly, confidence building in him like an irresistible engine picking up speed.

No one ever wanted him like this, as if Will was that special, *that* beautiful.

He felt beautiful with Hannibal.

The fever pounded through Will's brain, blood pumping hot. He was on fire, on *fire*, and Hannibal could take some of the heat. They could share it. Folie a deux.

Nothing made sense but this: he ran his tongue back and forth over Hannibal's pulsating cock, tracing a vein, following up with his hand, curiously touching the way he liked to be touched. Hannibal slid his hand messily into Will's hair and wrapped curls around his fingers, his other hand pressed to his chest and thumbing over each of his nipples in turn. With his head tipped back and his reddened, kiss-swollen lips parted on heightening, tight, throaty groans, he was so exotically sensuous, Will got even wilder, more daring.

He worked the foreskin back and forth carefully, testing a rhythm, calculating how tight to hold and the right way to stroke based on Hannibal's reactions; there were more new parts to this than just sucking a dick instead of licking a pussy. The idea was the same, learning from the panting moans and hip bucks towards one's face, the tightening hand in your hair, the taste of arousal dripping into your mouth what was working and when to stop any methods that didn't raise pleasure, or might even cause discomfort.

Will had always been an attentive lover who liked to learn from experience and go all out to make his partner come; he'd just never gotten reactions like this, no matter how he tried to please. He knew what he was doing couldn't be any better than okay based on no experience, but Hannibal was acting…it seemed as if Will's mouth, the pleasure it gave him, was tearing him apart at the seams.

The most different part was that intensity, more striking than having a man's girthy hard-on plunging ever deeper while Will tried to relax his jaw and take more, while Hannibal clearly struggled hand over fist not to thrust harder, losing his breath and sputtering Will's name. More than learning how an uncircumcised cock was best stroked and licked, or how to defeat his irrational fear of really choking because he wanted so badly to have Hannibal further, however far he could fit.

His innocent, wide blue eyes looked up with inviting loyalty to Hannibal's hooded, overwhelmed gaze, prompting the older man to hold Will's pretty face in both hands and fuck with aggressive thrusts until his cock made Will gag, tears of exertion and surprised enjoyment dripping down his stubbled cheeks. His fingers dug into the strong curves of

Hannibal's thighs and saliva leaked from the sides of his mouth along with more precum, *inhale nasally, gag,* harsh, huge length embedded in his tight, warm, wet lips, over his tongue, touching the back of his throat, *gag, inhale,* Will forgot all his problems and insecurities and disappeared into sensation.

Hannibal had the power to blot out his thoughts, knock over every nervous fort and replace it all with emotion and pleasured pain. Will had the power to make Hannibal feel good, and suddenly that was everything. He vibrated with gratitude, almost regretful when Hannibal slowed down his thrusts and murmured about not wanting to come this soon.

A long, wild shiver went down Will's spine. The sound of Hannibal's proper, sophisticated voice and fancy accent talking about *coming* was a shock, and it was hot as well.

Hannibal eased himself from Will's mouth and smirked down, rubbing his hand through rumpled curls again. "May I offer you some help with that?" he asked, nodding at Will's cock, longer where he was thicker, bare and standing to bold attention, twitching at the polite suggestion.

"Please," said Will again gruffly, taking Hannibal's offered hand and standing before him face to face, only to be not-so-politely yanked into another deep, searing kiss.

Having noticed that Hannibal's nipples seemed sensitive and a favorite area of stimulation, Will slid his hands through soft, greying chest hair, then licked his fingers and pinched. Hannibal gasped. He sucked, then bit down on Will's lower lip until the younger man yelped and then moaned, realizing he liked that, too. Getting it hard like this, tender but almost violent, *rough.*

"Provoking boy," Hannibal said huskily, kissing Will's neck with sloppy abandon, sucking hickeys on the pale, delicate skin with deliberate, claiming insistence, smirking with devilish enjoyment at every wanton moan and cry of anguished need which fell from Will's lips.

The doctor smiled at the way Will held onto the back of his neck, then ran shaking fingers through his hair while he continued obsessively kissing the profiler's tense, trembling body, flicking his tongue over each pebbling nipple, lashing it over the soft vulnerability of Will's belly, reaching at the same time for Will's ass and cupping the cheeks possessively, muttering again and again, "*beautiful,*"

Hannibal licked his own hand then, letting plentiful saliva coat his fingers before he enveloped Will's cock in his clever mouth, slicking his wet middle finger between the younger man's cheeks to tease his entrance.

"N-no, I don't know -- Oh, my *God,* yes, I do know -- fuck, me, oh, *fuck,* how are you, what are you -- do that again, again," Will panted nonsensically, clutching at Hannibal's shoulder and hair, thrusting his cock into the doctor's mouth and, on each backward glide, moving his ass up to meet that big, knowing, naughty finger, now pressed right inside his rim, light and careful, the very beginning of stretching him for the taking.

"Hmmm," Hannibal said very happily, eyes twinkling with naughty glee. He leaned back and licked his lips, warning merrily, "You'd take my whole finger right now, wouldn't you, my

dear? But it's too soon. You need to let me open you more. Can you let me do that, Will?"

It was the same way he spoke to Will in session, kindly offering guidance, and that, of course, now went right to the younger man's dripping, aching manhood as he shivered and kissed Hannibal so shamelessly, it was hard to believe this was their first time.

"Do I need any other words to communicate my needs here?" Will laughed, the sound freer and sweeter than his laughter had sounded in his own recollection, "Or just 'please' and 'Hannibal'? Anything else you like?'"

"Yes." Hannibal's voice had gone thick and husky again, his eyes dark with need.

He kissed Will hard and backed him over to the bed, where the profiler let himself fall on the mattress in a completely pliable pose on his back, taking Hannibal between his arms and legs.

Will had never had someone bigger and heavier on top of him before and marveled at how perfect Hannibal's body felt between his thighs, sealed against him, grinding their hard lengths together, Hannibal's hairy, powerful but softer torso on his bare, slender one. He felt so safe, weighed down and controlled, given pressure so he couldn't really move away even if he wanted to, given pleasure without having to ask and even when the teasing joy of it felt like too much.

"I think you know what to say," Hannibal added, laying on top of Will and pinning his wrists to the bed firmly, rocking their lengths together with slow, teasing motions.

"Please," Will moaned, loving the way Hannibal controlled him and held him in place, how letting go of his own fraying control released the fears and insecurities. "*Please, Hannibal, fuck me.*"

Hannibal growled again, beautifully beastly. He put his hand down firmly on Will's throat and gave a squeeze, then let him go to kiss his way down the younger man's slim but strong body again, only giving a single tug on Will's legs to spread them, knees bent and held off to the side, before Will spread them even wider, quivering when Hannibal licked his nipples and stroked his cock at the same time. Hannibal crawled down the bed even more, then lifted Will's ass a little and slid a pillow underneath him, propping him up.

Still, despite his earlier fantasizing and Hannibal's fairly obvious intention, Will's jaw dropped when he felt a tongue pressed eagerly against his entrance. Strange, but *good,* first the sheer dirty scandal of them doing this, given their doctor/patient relationship, then the thrill of Hannibal being so *naughty* and raunchy, so, well, sexual. He'd always seemed so buttoned-up, but now Will knew what was underneath. Hannibal had been contents under pressure.

Then came the sly, slow waves of gentle pleasure as his hole began to get soaked with Hannibal's attentive lapping, and as his body relaxed even more. Hannibal didn't say anything about the presence of a large bottle of lube on Will's nightstand; it was already pretty damn obvious what he tended to do in the mornings, and plus – Hannibal didn't seem to be *thinking*. He squeezed a lot of lube into his hand, moving fast and nearly breaking the plastic bottle in his excitement.

Staring into Will's eyes with a hard, deliberate desire he began with his fingers, thick digits nonetheless merely a hint of what lay ahead…everything about it made Will's head spin in the best way. The penetration, Hannibal's gravelly affirmations, calling him "so perfect, so tight and pretty," saying gruffly by the time he could fit two fingers and pump deeper, brushing Will's prostate and making his hips buck, "Yes. You need it, baby, don't you?"

Will couldn't remember wanting anything more, couldn't imagine why he ever would. "Yes," he said softly, hungrily.

He kept his thighs wide open, inviting, ready. It hurt, but there was an undercurrent of bliss in every jolting slide of Hannibal's fingers, and then the feelings switched places. There was so much more pleasure than pain, and the pain was a reminder of the intensity between them, how new Will was, too, how Hannibal was – in this way – his first.

They did it in such a simple way that it would have amused Will, who pictured Hannibal being one of those kama sutra / tantric sex fanatics, except that he couldn't feel amusement or anything but shocked pleasure, the inundation of Hannibal carefully inching in his big, hard cock, Will's tight walls slowly learning not to try and tighten to block him, but to let him in and then clench, increasing Hannibal's pleasure, pulling him in.

His body knew what it wanted and Will was in no position to disagree, flat on his back with his arms and legs around Hannibal, the therapist groaning and sighing his name, persistently, gently but firmly urging Will's body to relax even more.

"What a good boy you are, Will," Hannibal praised, his eyes glazed with enjoyment; he seemed ecstatic, "Look how well you're taking it."

Will couldn't say anything, it was too much to be fucked and praised, it was hitting every single light switch of bliss inside him until he was flooded with the light and happiness, the slow, but harder and deeper thrust of Hannibal, the insisting, worshipful words that fell from his hot lips as he kissed Will and finally thrust in to the hilt.

Probably Will mentioned a few things about God, Jesus, Fuck, Hannibal, and not much else except Please, More, then a repetition in some jumbled disorder. He thought he heard his own voice rising into a pitch and a breathy whimper around the words that sounded downright silly, but he couldn't fully register what he was saying, it didn't seem to matter. It didn't even matter how ridiculously loud and needy his voice was, because for some crazy reason Hannibal seemed to *love* the noises he made. The boyish moans and cries made him fuck harder, kiss more demandingly, and that only encouraged Will to let go more and more.

Who cared what he sounded like, if Hannibal liked it? If it was natural, anyway, it couldn't be so bad. A unique thought, but it flitted like a slender, gauzy ribbon over the sky of his world gorgeously distorted by pleasure. He didn't have any deep thoughts, no contemplations, no attempt to control himself or seem less annoyingly clingy. He just trembled and took it like a good boy.

His cock leaked and throbbed, caught between them and sensitive to every move of Hannibal that provided instants of sweet friction there, too. Being screwed missionary style on a Saturday morning like any law-abiding vanilla couple should absolutely *not* feel this good,

but there they were. Moaning into each other's mouths, tangling tongues and limbs, shifting and writhing in the sweaty sheets as one.

Will couldn't get over the feeling of that slick shoving in of hard, warm, thick cock in his body, how small he felt by comparison to Hannibal in ways more than the slight difference in their builds. He was taken over. And over, and over.

He grabbed Hannibal's ass and felt the movements of his greedy, luscious pumps in and out, and then he gave a groping squeeze, wanting even more, for Hannibal to be so deep inside, and for *this* to never end.

Will's sudden burst of confident desire and taking what he wanted made Hannibal groan huskily, while the feeling of Will helping him thrust deeper made his eyes roll back. A low curse in another language (Italian?) fled his lips as he pulled Will's hair, then bit his neck right where he had done so before, igniting pain from the fresh bruise that made Will cry "Ah! Yes--" He'd be covered in Hannibal's marks all over, especially his long, pale neck where the older man seemed particularly obsessed with doing so. There was definitely a kink for Will's neck, which he kept calling "so pretty, so lovely," but obviously the knowledge that Will would have dark bruises on him hard to conceal by shirt collars had to be a huge factor, too.

Hannibal knelt then and grabbed one of Will's legs, holding it up, grasping Will's ankle, getting even deeper. Still, as Will reeled in delirious sensation, Hannibal was in wonderment as much as chasing his release. He looked down and watched his cock gliding in and out of Will, the sight making him moan and bear an expression Will couldn't describe to himself.

His amber gaze traveled back to Will's eyes and he still looked as if he *longed,* yearned, craved, even now, holding and controlling Will and treating him to the kind of fuck pornos *wished* they contained. Even now, as intimate as two people could be physically, he was enraptured but dreamy, wistful.

Hannibal's grip on his leg tightened and Will knew he was close. It made him so prideful and excited, that he could be this for Hannibal, make Hannibal come, see it closer than close, even have that sticky release spread inside him, all for Will.

Will was beautiful and powerful. Hannibal was a god, sculpted by marble and too exquisite to be real, earthy and sensual at the same time, person suit unbuttoning for Will, a human underneath, maybe a monster underneath that? One who could dance with the monster in Will?

With another rasped moan, Hannibal held himself all the way inside Will, clutched the younger man's leg and asked with devastating eyes, stunning and lost and found. "Do you want it?"

"Yes," Will smiled, "I want you to come in me. Please."

"Yes?" Hannibal repeated, obviously turned on by Will's request. The man in him wanted to mark Will as his own, the need flashing in his gaze.

He turned Will onto his side and began fucking him purposefully, the rhythm of the thrusts building, every one throwing Will into deeper bliss. Hannibal's powerful hands were latched possessively on Will's thigh and he pummeled into him, almost as if he had indeed caught the profiler's mysterious fever.

His face was flushed red, hair a mess, sweaty and falling across one eye, his cries more guttural and sinful by the second. His muscles tensed all over and his cock twitched in Will, then his seed spilled into his velvety warmth, feeling like a lot.

Hannibal never stopped fucking, sending himself way over the edge with further grunts of satisfaction and fingers digging into Will's skin, leaving bruises. He slapped Will's ass, returning the young man's surprised expression with an emphatic, "touch yourself, come for me," still riding out his own orgasm like a man obsessed.

Will was so close and had held out so long that he barely stroked himself before he came so hard it scared him and even hurt. His eyes went huge and tears slipped from them; he seemed to be saying "oh my god" over and over; he couldn't understand why it was so overwhelming, as if he wanted the pleasure but feared its immensity.

"It's okay, Will," Hannibal said, heartfelt despite his burning passion and downright athletic performance. He still had the stamina and hardness to go on a bit longer, and he wanted more for Will, too. Will had never heard him say "okay," and smiled adoringly at the cute sound.

"It's okay, it's just different," Hannibal promised, stroking his thigh, fucking him slowly, savoring him to the last moment he could hold out like this.

"It's better," Will realized, and he said it out loud, staring at Hannibal's face still torn apart with pleasure and *craving,* as if having Will did not take away his longing for Will, only made it stronger.

How could he have not realized Hannibal had these feelings for him? It wasn't even as if the therapist had been subtle about it; Will just hadn't let himself pay attention to the near-constant signs of attraction and growing affection. Even his subconscious had learned to shield him from disappointment. He was done with self-imposed blindness.

"I can make you come again, just hold on with me," Hannibal urged, "It's going to be better than better, Will." He grinned and his fangs glinted in the morning sunlight creeping in through the blinds.

"What? It's too soon," Will panted, but Hannibal nodded encouragingly.

"I think I can. Hold on with me. Stay with me." He needed to give this to Will. Perhaps he was remembering how Will looked just a little while earlier, trembling with touch starvation and frustration, feeling unwanted.

He repositioned spooning behind Will and held him tightly against his bigger body, gliding his erection in and out, finding another build up of rhythm. He was targeting Will's prostate *so* perfectly, that Will felt himself freefalling, once again, but this time the pleasure was

richer and deeper, even better, not scary, but a huge wave of bliss crashing over him, knowing Hannibal had him safe in hand.

“H-how did you,” Will asked once he stopped moaning and bucking, coming even more all over his plain grey sheets that had most definitely never seen this much action. He was still trembling. “Are you for real? Twice? You must be so *experienced*, because I really can’t fathom…”

Hannibal pulled out of him but stayed tightly spooned behind him, playing with his hair, kissing his cheek, his neck and shoulders, stroking his stomach.

Will snuggled back against him, content despite the restless inquiry and continued dazed disbelief. He wiggled his butt into the crook of Hannibal’s curled up form and found warmth, and it felt so good that he might even compare it with the sex. Will always wanted to be held after, and it happened so rarely. He kissed Hannibal’s wrist and forearm, fascinated with the light speed at which their connection had deepened. How close he was and how he could study every detail of the man. Hannibal really didn’t even seem to mind.

“That’s never happened before,” Hannibal said in contradiction to Will’s assumption. “I’m reasonably experienced for a man my age who’s also quite choosy about partners, but I’ve never been so completely aroused, pleasured and driven to give that pleasure back in return. I wanted it to be so good you couldn’t even bear it, so good you would cry, hard and deep. I wanted to envelop you. Did you forget your worries?”

“Yes,” Will laughed, overwhelmed at Hannibal’s profession, the wild and virile passion directed right at Will by someone who declared themself picky. “I did. Um...*Thank you*. To say the least...sorry, I'm awkward at...Do you think we should talk about what this is?”

“Mmm. If you would like to. I’m happy to go on holding you, perhaps take a nap and shower together, then go to the museum. Take you out to dinner, a walk by the water afterwards… some people don't care much for a walk on a cold night, but I'm rather fond of it.”

"Yes, I like the air when it's bracing," Will agreed, "The waves, whipped up and icy, tumultuous and honest."

"Not safe like this little house when it floats on the fog." A soft kiss on Will's shoulder now, where an almost vicious bite had been placed by that same mouth mere minutes before.

"No. Maybe I've been safe too long."

"Perhaps we both have, in our own ways," Hannibal suggested.

“This sounds like dating, doctor,” Will said wryly. He turned in Hannibal’s strong embrace and clasped his lover’s face, caressing him.

“It certainly does. To think I was too caught up in my own game of solitaire to notice that you returned my feelings…if, that is, you do. To put a label on that, I’d say I…may I be terribly prosaic?”

“May as well.” Will’s heart thumped in anticipation of his next words.

“I’d say I’m falling. What would you say?” His voice, husky and deep, made shivers go through Will; the words made him giddy.

“I’d say it looks like I caught you,” Will grinned.

He kissed Hannibal, lingering and warm, and then their eyes met when a glint of sadness shimmered in Hannibal’s.

“What is it?” He massaged the older man’s jaw slowly with his thumb.

“Your tenderness and beauty, your openness to exploring passion with me, your bravery. Your kindness. I’m humbled, Will. And I think…” Hannibal mused, looking conflicted, then decisive. “I think the exhibit is going to remain open for a month, and I’m confident we’ll see it by then. First…” He kissed Will’s hand, his knuckles, each fingertip. “I’d like to take you to get a brain scan.”

“Really?” Will was still blushing from the doctor’s amorous words, it took him a second to process the idea of following up this lustful tryst with a *doctor’s appointment*. “Thought you said my problem seemed to be mental illness. Surprised you’d still want to be with me under those conditions, um…grateful and pleasantly surprised, but…”

“I’d want you if you were lost in the throes of the most chaotic madness,” Hannibal said, very certain. “I would go there with you, into that darkness, into madness itself. I’ll meet you where you are and help you grow. It’s all I seem to want, somehow. And I don’t think it’s mental illness. I want to make sure we get a firm diagnosis and that you get all the care you need.”

“Okay, if we have to,” Will rolled his eyes, laughing softly. He kicked Hannibal playfully and added, “We going to that Dr. Sutcliffe you mentioned, your colleague at Johns Hopkins?”

“No, certainly not. I don’t trust Donald. We’ll find a much better specialist. I have the connections to make sure you are seen today, by this afternoon. Can I do anything for you now?” Now that they weren’t making out or fucking, it made Hannibal blush when he added, “Sweetheart.”

“Breakfast?” Will dared to ask, biting his lip afterwards. Even though Hannibal had offered earlier, he still felt it his place to provide a meal to his guest. “If you…I mean, it’s my house, I can…”

“I’d love to make you breakfast,” Hannibal smiled. “You’ve brought something out of me that I didn’t think existed, Will. I want to do everything together. Do you think that is madness?”

“Maybe.” Will kissed his mouth slowly, considering the question, tasting the warmth, nervousness and a sincerity that felt…as new as Hannibal’s feelings. “But if it’s madness, I’ll go there with you, too.”

“Everything together, everywhere,” Hannibal murmured, lashes lowering as he returned Will’s deepening kisses, drawing him closer in his arms.

Whatever the mysteries hiding behind those intense, dark eyes of his, Will was ready to dive in. He knew, for the first time in his life, he was where he belonged.

End Notes

As a side note, you could read this all as being Will's dream, which I left open. But in my mind, this was one hundred percent real and they lived happily ever after.

I also think this is the past that Hannibal wished for in "Love Drunk" (earlier in this series) when he thought of going back and doing everything right with Will from the beginning. This would be near enough to the beginning to make that whole idea possible. 🥺 Maybe in some other world? 😭

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